

**SKETCHES & RHYMES.**

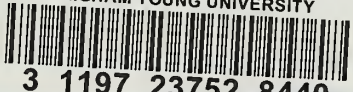
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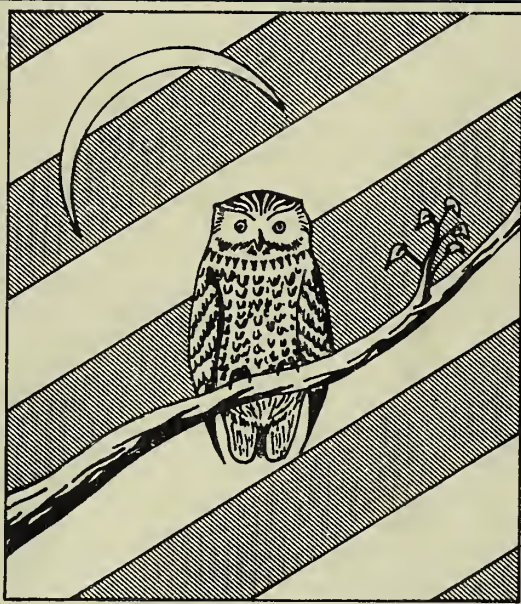


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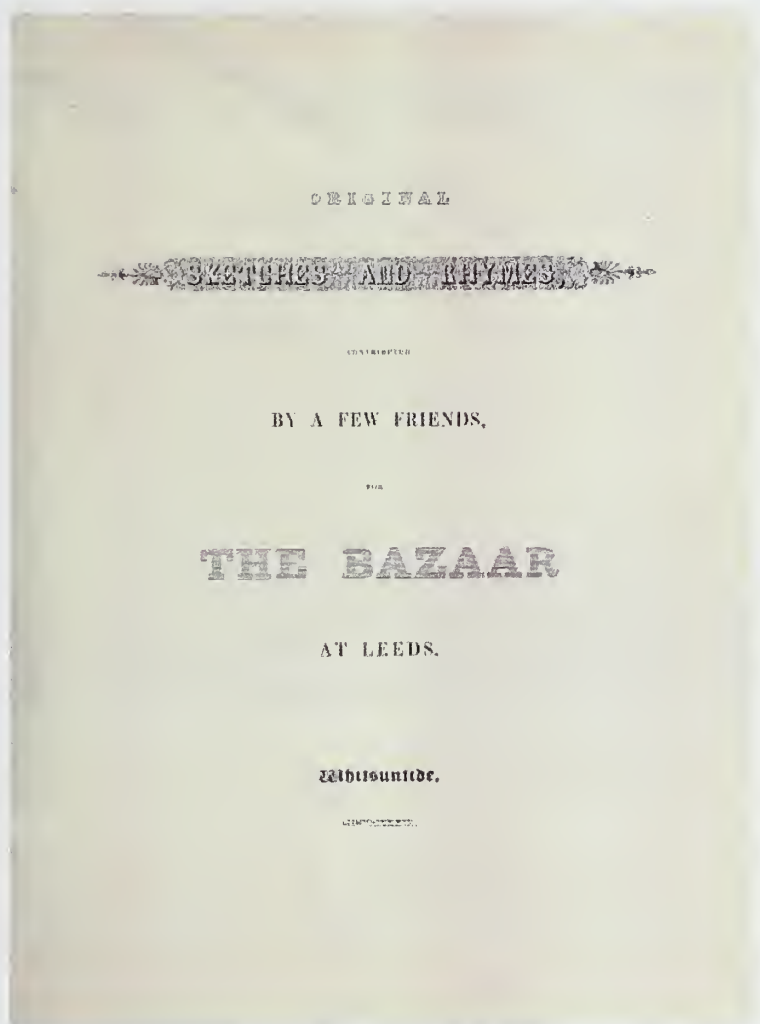
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FRANK SPICER

*Spicer 1839*

*Spicer 1839*



*Bazaar after the Leeds hurricane*

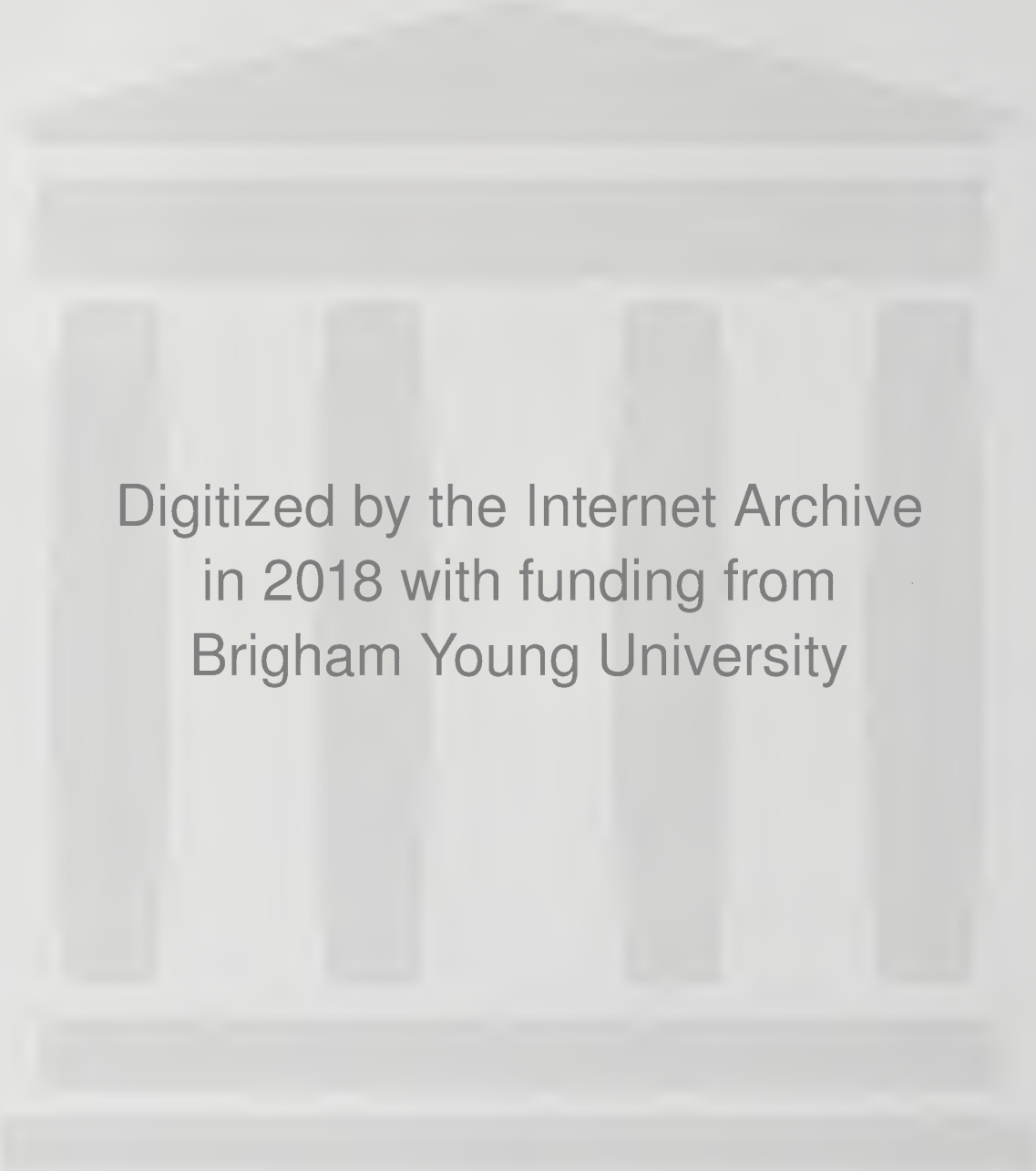
3. **[LEEDS BAZAAR].** ORIGINAL SKETCHES AND RHYMES contributed by a few friends, for the Bazaar at Leeds. Whitsuntide, 1839. **£ 650**

**FIRST EDITION.** *Small 4to, pp. 32; with seven original etchings, each mounted on card within a countersunk mount; aside from some slight foxing, a clean copy throughout; very good copy bound in original dark green embossed cloth, gilt lettered on the upper cover, and with remains of a paper label on the backstrip, slight wear to the head and tail of the spine, and Powder-blue end-papers and paste-downs with a later bookplate, all-edges-gilt; a very desirable copy.*

Scarce first edition of these original sketches and rhymes contributed for the benefit of a bazaar held at Leeds in 1839, in aid of St George's Church with a prefatory epistle addressed to the 'Ladies Patronesses.'

The church, which had only been built in 1836 but suffered considerable damage from a hurricane which swept across the city of Leeds on January 7, 1839.

The poems are accompanied by seven etchings that are signed by Richard Redgrave, Thomas Creswick, and Charles West Cope all founder members in 1837 of the *The Etching Club*. Presumably someone at the Bazaar had induced some of the members to contribute etchings. The most likely contact was Charles West Cope who had strong associations with Leeds and presented St George's Church with the Sanctuary picture in 1840 so it is not surprising that he provided four of the seven prints.



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The following contemporary report on the Bazaar from the *Leeds Mercury* shows that the aim of the event was not only raise fund for repairs but to provide a further fund for a school. As the sum needed was £2,160, of which the Bazaar raised only £100, it is not too surprising that other means to raise the capital were needed. This collection of poems and etchings was clearly part of the fund raising effort although there are so few copies extant it either did not sell well or was broken up for the prints.

*Leeds Mercury* May 1839: 'We heard it remarked on all sides, that there never was a finer assortment of articles at once so useful and so elegant, as was displayed on this occasion. The trouble, time and expense incurred must have been excessive, and the scene of female industry that rises upon our view of ladies sewing, drawing, pasting, cutting-out, painting, &c. is quite overpowering. The rooms were most tastefully arranged, and the fine band of the 7th Dragoon Guards contributed not a little to the hilarity of the scene. The crowds who attended and the quantity of work done, encouraged the fair stall-keepers to open the bazaar for an evening sale, on Wednesday, and afterwards on Thursday. Foreigners sometimes enjoy a laugh against the English, that they regulate all their employments and even their amusements with reference to the dinner hour, and our worthy townsmen showed themselves on this occasion de veritables Anglais. From one o'clock to four there was a general rush to the refreshment room, and such a persevering attack kept up on the good things provided, that the ladies who presided there, at the close of the bazaar, handed over the net sum of £100 to the treasurer. It would be in vain to attempt to describe the costly and beautiful articles that adorned the different stalls; it will be enough to say that the total sum realised is somewhat above £2,160... '

OCLC records two copies only, at York and the BL, COPAC adds one further copy, at Leeds.











Elizabeth Bayne  
With the kind love of  
James Bayne  
Feb 2. 1861.



ORIGINAL

SKETCHES AND RHYMES

CONTRIBUTED

BY A FEW FRIENDS,

FOR

THE BAZAAR

AT LEEDS.

Whitsuntide,

MDCCCXXXIX.

LONDON: PRINTED BY MILLS AND SON,  
GOUGH-SQUARE, FLEET-STREET.

## C O N T E N T S.

	Page.
EPISTLE PREFATORY . . . . .	1
THE DESCENT OF SPRING ( <i>Etching</i> ) . . . . .	2
DAYS GONE BY . . . . .	3
A FABLE ( <i>With Etching</i> ) . . . . .	5
MUTE ELOQUENCE ( <i>With Etching</i> ) . . . . .	9
FRAGMENT OF A LAMENT FOR THE SPIRIT OF GREECE . . . . .	11
BOATS IN A CALM ( <i>Etching</i> ) . . . . .	14
SKETCH IN THE LEVANT . . . . .	15
LANE SCENE ( <i>Etching</i> ) . . . . .	18
SCENE IN A VILLAGE POST-OFFICE . . . . .	19
TO MINNIE ( <i>With Etching and Music</i> ) . . . . .	21
THE DEVOTIONAL FRIAR ( <i>With Etching</i> ) . . . . .	23
THE DEVIL'S ARROWS; A LEGEND OF BROUGHBRIDGE . . . . .	25



A N E P I S T L E P R E F A T O R Y

TO THE LADIES PATRONESSES.

DEAR LADIES :—Your pardon I crave !  
My presumption I own to be great ;  
But 'tis voted a “ A PREFACE ” to have,  
And to write it—“ the Editor's ” fate.  
The condition I hear you propound,  
Will to both of us yield much relief ;  
And I grant, with submission profound,  
“ That the preface be signally brief.”  
Then what shall I say to bespeak  
Your most gracious regards to the page,  
Where *Art, Music, and Poetry* seek  
In your Charity's Cause to engage ?  
Not a word—it were treason to doubt  
That your zeal will outrun my desire,  
And you'll hasten to put to the rout  
All the fears that dread Critics inspire.—

*Pour moi*—I am your debtor—you my creditor,  
Be merciful, I pray, to your poor

*Editor.*





THE DESCENT OF SPRING





DAYS GONE BY.

LONG years have pass'd since last we met,  
    Strange lands been travelled o'er ;  
Thou think'st they've taught me to forget  
    The things I speak no more,  
And lightly talk'st of days gone by,  
    As though there still were need,  
With heedless tone and tearless eye,  
    To prove them gone indeed.

Sweet other days of dreams intense,  
    Untouched by grief or guile,  
When every word was confidence,  
    And every glance a smile !  
I see them as when first they bless'd  
    And bound my spirit free,  
When all in life looked loveliest  
    In borrowed hues from thee.

What though the shades of silent grove  
     And summer eves record  
 No secret of a promised love,  
     No shame of broken word ;  
 Didst thou believe each captive sense,  
     'Mid all its thralls of bliss,—  
 The mutual heart's intelligence,—  
     Foretold an end like this ?

We ne'er had prized the passing hour,  
     O'er cast by future gloom ;  
 Where'er we plucked the simplest flower  
     We nursed the buds to bloom ;—  
 Full well we knew no vows could bind  
     Our silent vows more fast,  
 And fondly trusted time might find  
     Truth's sweet reward at last.

I will not task that voice estranged,  
     That smile so long believed,  
 To prove thy fickle heart unchanged,  
     And mine the self-deceived.  
 One sorrow thou may'st still avert,  
     One boon thou'lt scarce deny,  
 'Tis ne'er to look what once thou wert,  
     Or talk of days gone by.





A F A B L E.

*From the German of Lessing.*

“ My Furies grow too old and grey, ”  
Said Pluto to his scout one day ;  
“ To scold or scream no longer able  
“ They’re ceasing to be formidable :  
“ Go, prithee, search the world above  
“ And try this old set to improve ;  
“ Three fresh ones bring me ; cross, of course,  
“ With faces pale and voices hoarse,  
“ Cruel at heart, and fond of fright’ning : ”—  
Then Mercury was off like lightning.  
Same day, cries Juno with a pout,  
“ Iris !—what is the girl about ?—

“ Iris ! I say, come here to me—  
 “ Come here, I say, immediately.  
 “ I’m out of patience with these Graces,  
 “ And want three others in their places ;  
 “ Which, learning wisdom from the past,  
 “ I’ll have more sober than the last :  
 “ So get you gone, without delay,  
 “ Down to the lower world—away !—  
 “ There seek me out, if such there be,  
 “ Maidens of strict propriety ;  
 “ Pretty, no doubt, in form and feature,  
 “ But not o’erburdened with good nature ;  
 “ Demurely pale, discreetly grave,  
 “ Who husband’s love nor wish, nor have.  
 “ (That baggage Venus oft has sworn  
 “ That women all of Adam born,  
 “ All are her slaves ; but I’m determin’d  
 “ To prove the world is not of her mind—)  
 “ In short, whate’er their shape or shade is,  
 “ They must be ‘ quite correct ’ young ladies.”

Iris departs ; and high and low,  
 O’er regions of eternal snow,  
 O’er torrid climes, thro’ fire and flood,  
 O’er town and country, hill and wood,  
 She wanders long, but seeks in vain  
 Three such perfections to obtain :



At length, despairing of success,  
 Yet loth her ill luck to confess,  
 The maid creeps back with empty hands,  
 And at great Juno's elbow trembling stands.

“So!” cried the goddess, “come at last!

“I can't indeed complain of haste:

“But where are those I bade you bring,

“You good-for-nothing careless thing?

“What?—no such women left below?

“Oh modesty! Oh virtue! Oh!—”

“Nay, madam, stop; one single word:—

“Of three such vestals I have heard,

“The very characters you painted,

“Of reputations quite untainted,

“With looks severe, and sober mien,

“To smile on man were never seen;

“At school had learnt by rule to move,

“And blushed to conjugate ‘I love.’

“I heard—but ah! my hapless fate!

“I just came half an hour too late.”

“Too late, indeed!” cried angry Juno,

“I won't be trifled with, as you know—

“Pray, why too late?”—“To Pluto's cell,”

Replied the maid, “with him to dwell,

“Mercury, without a moment's warning,

“Had borne them off that very morning.”

“ To Pluto’s cell ! oh cruel fate !

“ Virtue itself impersonate !

“ Three angels gone to dwell with Pluto !

“ What can he want such girls to do to ?

“ Say, know’st thou, Miss, what his desire is ?”

“ They’re gone for Furies,” muttered Iris.





### MUTE ELOQUENCE.

I wist not, lady, what conceit of poet or of sage  
Can thus enchain thy downward glance, thy every thought engage :  
Look up,—look up,— a fairer page is spread before thine eye  
Than sage or poet ever traced, then lay that volume by ;  
And read the thousand glorious truths the new-born Spring reveals,  
What time her vivifying touch awakening nature feels.  
Hark ! hark ! how wooingly the breeze doth ever and anon  
Bear fragrant greetings from the flowers re-opening to the sun ;  
One cloudless smile of hope and bliss o'er earth and heaven doth glow,  
All nature keepeth holiday,—then, Lady, wilt not thou ?

The lady hears not ; on that tome still seemeth she to pore,  
(It may be that her truant heart is learning other lore :)  
The breeze,—its fragrant errand sped—unheeded flutters by,  
(It may be that her ear has caught a softer, sweeter sigh,)  
For lo ! yclad “ in weeds of peace,” a knight of gallant mien,  
As e'er won fond and youthful heart, beside the maid is seen.

He speaks not, but with happy art (if rightly I divine)  
 Directs that lovely student's glance to some impassioned line,—  
 Some tender thought recorded there, which, eloquently mute,  
 May fitly tell a lover's tale, and plead a lover's suit ;  
 And then the while, with eager look, he gazes on her face,  
 If haply some slight token there, may give him hopes of grace.

But, saving that she breathed less calm, and that a blush o'erspread  
 Her cheek and brow, no sign he traced that she his meaning read ;  
 And lower still she drooped her eye, lest that it should reveal  
 Which most her lover longed to know, what most she would conceal ;  
 For bashfulness, and maiden pride at once forbade the thought,  
 That he should lightly win the love—the love yet scarcely sought.  
 But, though no smile of sweet response his anxious bosom cheer,  
 If aught of lady's heart I know, the knight, he need not fear :  
 Not often thus they'll meet, I ween, ere she shall soothly own  
 That, of the crowds who seek her grace, she loveth him alone.  
 But, oh! forgive me gentle pair, if I in phrase too bold  
 Have dared predict your future lot,—your love too plainly told.  
 Now, fare ye well! yet, ere I go, one word I leave behind,  
 Sir knight, be faithful to thy vow,—sweet lady, be thou kind.

FRAGMENT OF A LAMENT

FOR

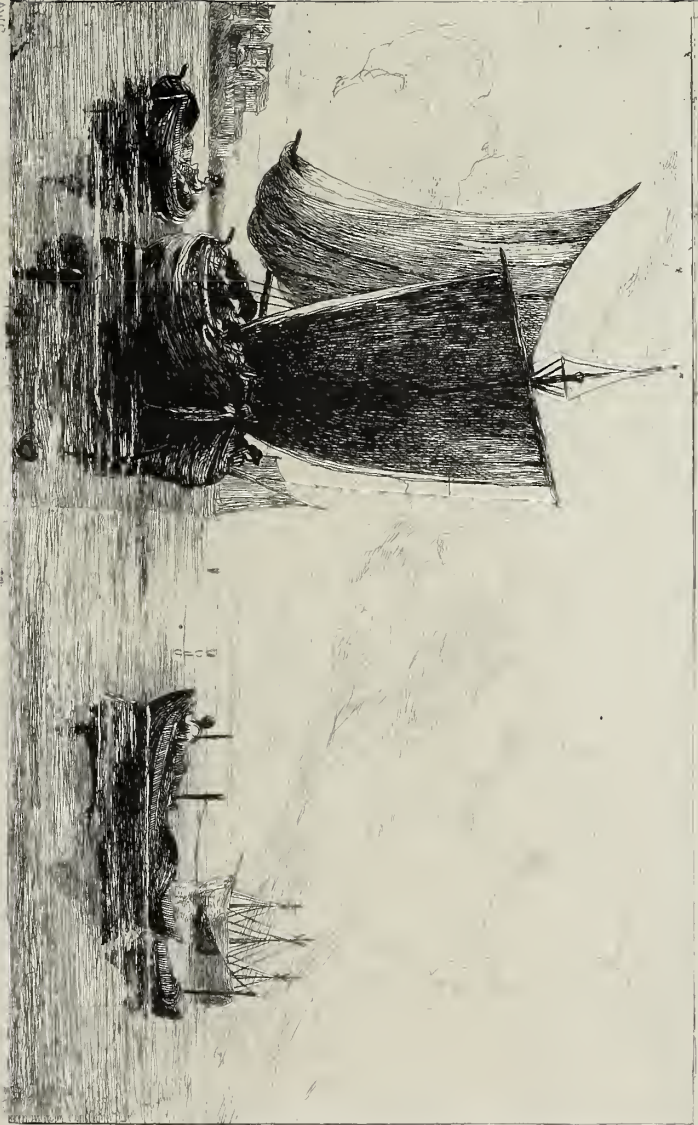
THE SPIRIT OF GREECE.

\* \* \* \* \*

But those sweet days are past, are gone,  
For ever flown  
Those days of ancient Time.  
The Gods are fled, the land is left alone  
To make its moan ;  
No longer blest is soft Ionia's clime ;  
But lonely now and desolate  
Cäyster slowly rolls his sullen tide ;  
Nor dark-haired Naiads sporting by his side  
Their wonted hymns repeat,







AMF



A SKETCH IN THE LEVANT,

A.D. 1822.

“DEATH to the Giaour!” and o’er the unconscious deep,  
Still onwards host on host relentless rushed,  
Mocking the stern realities of war,  
With false pretence of treasons unavenged  
And faith impure,—themselves the infidels ;  
While the near rocks re-echoed still the cry,  
“Death to the Giaour !”—anon on Scio’s shore  
The turban’d ruffians to the gentle moon  
Their blood-stained crescent waved : Oh ! how unlike  
Its heaven-lit prototype !— \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* Beneath that deep damp cave  
Where, faintly gleaming in, the far-off ray

Makes darkness visible, and the still air  
 Is broken only by the half-smothered sigh,  
 Or, scarce-heard ripple of the Ægæan wave,—  
 There, crouched upon a scanty ledge of stone,  
 From midnight fire and massacre escaped,  
 With hand in hand convulsively detained,  
 Sit Scio's daughters twain; and silently  
 Each on the other looks, and pities each  
 The other's fate, yet trembles for her own.  
 Mother and daughter these; but both so fair,  
 They sisters rather seem; the one with charms  
 Just bursting from the bud, while th'elder flower,  
 Full-blown but nothing faded, only shows  
 How beautiful that bud might one day prove.  
 Ah! hapless remnants of a hapless race!  
 But yestermorn, beneath the laurel's shade,  
 The younger fair her silken distaff plied,  
 And whiled in song the gentle hours away;  
 Meantime, on household offices intent,  
 The joyous matron waited the return  
 From the near vineyard, to their mid-day feast,  
 Of him in whom at once she loved to hail  
 Her husband, guardian, friend, and sovereign lord,  
 With the two noble youths who called him sire.  
 And all around, those peaceful vales among,  
 From eye to eye glanced the contented smile

Of liberty enjoyed, but not abused.  
 Now, all is changed : cold is each generous heart,  
 And stiff each stalwart limb ; and in their place  
 The Soldan, starting from his dreams of blood,  
 With yet unsatiated spite, salutes  
 The opening day and gloats on future spoils :  
 While on each side, in one sad ruin mixed,  
 Distaff and laurel, vine and past'ral hook,  
 From their expiring embers point a flame  
 Reproachfully to heaven, and seem to call  
 That vengeance which will one day surely come.  
 The past, how painful ! and the present lot  
 Of these lone fugitives, how desolate !  
 But darker and more terrible portends  
 Their coming fate : discovered—dragged to light—  
 Torn from each other's arms—to distant lands  
 By force conveyed—slavery,—dishonour,—death.  
 Hush ! hush ! They come !

\*            \*            \*            \*  
 \*            \*            \*            \*





TRO. CRESWICK -

1838





SCENE IN A VILLAGE POST-OFFICE.

“SHE comes again!”—A pensive grace  
Reposes on that pallid face,  
    So lovely in distress ;  
How hope and fear alternate dart  
Their quick sensations through the heart,  
    Her changeful eyes express.

Their only pet—the father’s pride,  
Comes toddling at his mother’s side,  
    And romps with infant glee ;  
Unconscious he of parents’ cares,  
His hand, in child-like triumph, bears  
    The ponderous cottage key.

Ah ! what can be the latent fear  
Which wrings, at length, the single tear  
    That trembles in her eye ?  
Day after day her husband’s fate  
She seeks, and oh ! what sorrow’s weight  
    Hangs on one brief reply !

Would that more kindly fate would send  
Some token of that only friend—

Some cheering news convey !

Alas ! her lingering hope is flown,  
For list, that quick impatient tone—

“ No letter, child, to-day ! ”

There is a stubbornness in woe  
Which oft doth strange resistance show

To Fortune's dire decree ;

Th' enquiring gaze of that sad eye  
Draws forth a kinder last reply,

“ Poor girl, there's naught for thee ! ”

The playful little urchin boy—

How quickly fled the dimpling joy

That dwelt upon his cheek !

In vain his chubby fingers cling,

In vain he pulls the apron-string,

To make his mother speak !

For now, indeed, hath dark despair

Made victim of that peasant fair ;

Image of grief she stands !

The bursting sob, the fluttering dress—

Oh ! what a world of deep distress

Is veiled by those clasped hands !





E.W.C. - 1839

T O M I N N I E .

WILT thou go to the wood with me, Minnie?  
Wilt thou go to the wood with me?  
Where the primrose peeps, and the violet creeps,  
And the mavis trills merrily:  
Heigho merrily!  
Where the primrose peeps, and the violet creeps,  
And the mavis trills merrily.

We'll have berries from every bush, Minnie,  
And blossoms from every bough;  
With cowslips, too, and hyacinths blue,  
And lilies as white as snow.  
Heigho the lilies!  
With cowslips, too, &c.

On a mossy bank we'll sit down, Minnie,  
 Under the linden tree ;  
 There a chaplet I'll twine for that fair brow of thine,  
 And thou shalt weave one for me :  
 Heigho the chaplets !  
 There a chaplet, &c.

Then together we'll dance o'er the lea, Minnie,  
 We'll dance o'er the daisied lea,  
 While under the rose we plight our vows  
 Each to the other faithfully :  
 Heigho faithfully !  
 While under the rose, &c.

Then the berries and blossoms may fall, Minnie,  
 And our chaplets faded be ;  
 But I will be thine, and thou shalt be mine,  
 All our life long happily :  
 Heigho happily !  
 Yes, I will be thine, and thou shalt be mine,  
 All our life long happily.





Devotional <sup>ia</sup> Fryer.



THE DEVOTIONAL FRIAR.

Grace before Supper.

“Gratias agimus tibi Domine !”  
Deliciæ meæ, Oh ! quàm vorabo !  
Sancte Francisce, in tuo nomine  
Quàm lepidé ego cœnabo !

(*Contemplatively.*)

My beads are told, my prayers are o'er,  
*Paters* and *aves* by the score :  
All day, too, I have strictly fasted,  
Nor flesh nor fowl have even tasted ;  
(Not that I should have cared to eat it,  
But simply that I could not get it.)  
And now that all my tasks are done,  
And ease at length thus fairly won,

First having well secured the windows,  
 That nobody may pry within doors,  
 I don't see why—indeed I would'nt  
 Tell if I did—see why I should'nt  
 Refresh my corp'ral part a little  
 With this most dainty bit of victual :  
 Et, omnia ut agantur ritè,  
 I'll just top up with aqua-vitæ,  
 Then quietly to roost betake me :  
 And Beelzebub himself shan't wake me.

“ Gratias agimus tibi Domine !”

Deliciæ meæ, Oh ! quàm vorabo !

Sancte Francisce, in tuo nomine

Quàm lepidè ego cœnabo !

THE DEVIL'S ARROWS ;

OR,

A SHOT IN THE DARK.

A LEGEND OF BOROUGHBIDGE.



*Fytte the First.*

At Fountain's Abbey the mass they sung,  
At Aldbro' Church the bells they rung,  
And the sun was hot on Black Hambleton ridge,  
And the Ure was low at Boroughbridge.

The Monks at Fountain's each one did grieve  
The cool cool cloisters at noon to leave,  
Full loth in the sultry chancel to delve  
Through the even-song at half-past twelve.

Little Joseph the Novice, it was so hot,  
That he squeaked the treble a note too flat ;  
And Father Paunch was mopping his face,  
As he grunted away at the thorough bass.

Now on Father Paunch—'tis the truth direct—  
 Had vigil and psalm a strange effect ;  
 For with hearty good-will he fasted and sung,  
 Till the cord round his waist grew three cloth-yards long.

On St. Dunstan's eve, with trencher and can,  
 Oh ! Father Paunch was a jolly good man ;  
 On St. Dunstan's morn cold water he drunk,  
 And Father Paunch was a holy Monk

A devill'd kidney that morn was seen  
 Father Paunch's tankard and toast between :—  
 'Tis the sovereign'st thing 'gainst dyspeptic evil ;  
 And he read how St. Dunstan fought with the Devil.

He read till he heard the good saint bellow,  
 And his nose turned pale and his cheek turn'd yellow ;  
 But he took a hearty pull at his can,  
 And Father Paunch was another man.

Then he heard with a snap the pincers close,  
 And the sputter and hiss of the Devil's nose ;  
 And lest the blue devils should rise unbidden, he  
 Spoke another word with the devill'd kidney.

Then an *ave* he said, and he ate and drank hard,  
 And the trencher he scraped, and he turn'd the tankard ;  
 And in Holy Mother his faith was staunch,  
 And black nor blue devil feared Father Paunch.

*Pytte the Second.*

Father Paunch, he sat in the cloister cool,  
 And unclosed in his lap lay St. Francis's rule ;  
 And he thought on the mighty deeds to be done  
 When the small bell rung for dinner at one.

No breath of air stirred a leaf on the tree,  
 And the drowsy song of the humble bee,  
 And the humming ale his senses compose,  
 Till that holy friar sank into a doze.

He woke with a start—and it came to pass  
 That the bell was just ceasing that rung to mass :  
 He smote in despair his abdominal puncheon,  
 For he hadn't time for his forenoon luncheon.

No wonder his stole grew moister and moister,  
 As with puff and heave he roll'd through the cloister ;  
 No wonder his voice did shake and falter,  
 As he sung the Mass before the high altar.

Now he groan'd—not for heat—tho' full hot was he,  
 And his little grey eye he roll'd heavily ;  
 Full seldom so roll'd that little grey eye,  
 Save when it the bee's-wing in his sack might spy.

" Oh ! trout is much better than gudgeon or dace !  
 " We'd a dish last night from the Prior of Mount Grace :  
 " A small basket of grouse, too, from Rivaulx Abbey :  
 " By the way, my Lord Abbot is somewhat shabby !  
 " **The Devil ! the Devil ! of Satan beware !**  
 " **His dragon wings are cleaving the air :**  
 " **Alas ! for the grouse on Black Hambleton ridge,**  
 " **And the trout in the Ure at Boroughbridge."**

*Fytte the Third.*

Tidings to Boroughbridge did fly  
 Of good Father Paunch's prophecy ;  
 And Mass Thomas the Priest was grievously vext,  
 And Sir Walter the Mayor was sore perplext.

Did his Worship's eye in perplexity roll ?  
 It was that he fear'd for the bridge's toll :  
 And his reverence fumed with vexation grim,  
 Because that the prophecy came not from him.

The Priest with his relics, the Mayor in his gown,  
 In procession they walked to the bridge's crown ;  
 While the light'ning flash'd on Black Hambleton ridge,  
 And the Ure was rising at Boroughbridge.

Says the Priest, " We must call for ' spiritual ' aid ;  
 " Let a commination service be read : "  
 " For ' temporal, ' too, " cried his Worship, " and then  
 " I must call a Court of the Aldermen. "

Each was anxious his claim of precedence to push on,  
 So that delicate question was soon in discussion ;  
 'Twas plain to debate the discussion would grow ;  
 The debate ripen'd rapidly into a row.

The row freshened up to a regular breeze,  
 When the heavy rain-drops pattered loud in the trees ;  
 And the fear of the rain, for a moment put in a tie  
 To that promising quarrel 'twixt law and divinity.

The procession was leaving the bridge's crown,  
 The Priest with his relics, the Mayor in his gown ;  
 When, straight on the route to Black Hambleton ridge,  
 A jolly young cobbler passed over the bridge.

Car'd not that cobbler strong-hearted and stout  
 For the rain that had put the procession to rout ;  
 Nor thunder nor rain might his journey delay,  
 But on through the crowd he elbow'd his way.

The rain came at first in bursts and squalls,  
 And the wind at intervals rises and falls ;  
 But when at Topcliffe he cross'd the Swale,  
 There was thunder and lightning and rain and hail.

Soon he saw a shape that he knew full well  
 And perceived an unpleasant and sulphurous smell,  
 And heard the rush of wings in the air,  
 So that sight, smell, and sound said the Devil was there.

But in these happy days of school and college  
 For the wide diffusion of useful knowledge,  
 The person's well known of the author of evil ;  
 So I will not waste words in describing the Devil.

“Holla!” cries the lad, “you there by the hedge,  
 “Can you show me the way to Boroughbridge?”  
 “Ha! ha!” roared the fiend with a shout of laughter,  
 “The very thing that I'm seeking after.”

“Indeed,” he replied, with a half civil lurch,  
 “Then I heartily wish you good luck of your search ;  
 “For these seven long years, now 'tis truth you mind it,  
 “I've been seeking that place but I never could find it.

“'Twould be too much for your patience, no doubt,  
 “To tell of the doublets and hose I've worn out ;  
 “But a moment wait while this knapsack I loose ;  
 “Ah! here they all are, see! look at the shoes.

Then down on the rain-soaken ground did he flop  
 All the old shoes in his master's shop :  
 For every pair that capacious creel in  
 Wanted welting or clouting or soling or heeling.



The Devil at once was caught in the noose ;  
 He first looked at the lad—then examin'd the shoes ;  
 Then, bending his bow, said, “ Three bolts I've got ;  
 “ So I'll have a try at a random shot.”

Both heaven and earth seem'd all in a blaze  
 When his burning arrow plung'd into the haze ;  
 And the country shook for ten miles round,  
 When that huge stone bolt struck into the ground.

The jolly young cobbler laugh'd in the dark,  
 For he felt quite sure that he'd miss'd his mark :  
 “ Here goes again !” cried the fiend with a frown,  
 “ For I'm determin'd that bridge shall come down.”

The second arrow the air that cleft  
 Struck into the ground away to the left ;  
 Then he drew his bow with main and might  
 And his third and last he shot to the right.

The rain was over, the thunder did cease,  
 The clouds they vanish'd, and all was peace ;  
 The moon shone bright on the country round,  
 And there stood Boroughbridge safe and sound.

“ How's this ?” cried Satan, with rage red-hot ;  
 “ Good lack !” said the cobbler, “ your bolt's soon shot !  
 “ Why you've brought your affairs to a pretty pass,  
 “ For now we know that the Devil's an ass.”

The fiend in fury his teeth did cranch :  
“ But I’ll have my revenge on that Father Paunch ! ”  
The holy Father that night did die,  
’Twas thought of a surfeit or tympany.

If you doubt this story, to Boroughbridge go,  
Then for yourself the truth you may know ;  
For all in a row, and stuck just as I say,  
The Devil’s three arrows stand there to this day

Having ended my tale, here’s the moral to boot ;  
Be sure of your aim before you shoot :  
And, let corpulent persons, in sultry weather,  
Never eat their luncheon and dinner together.













